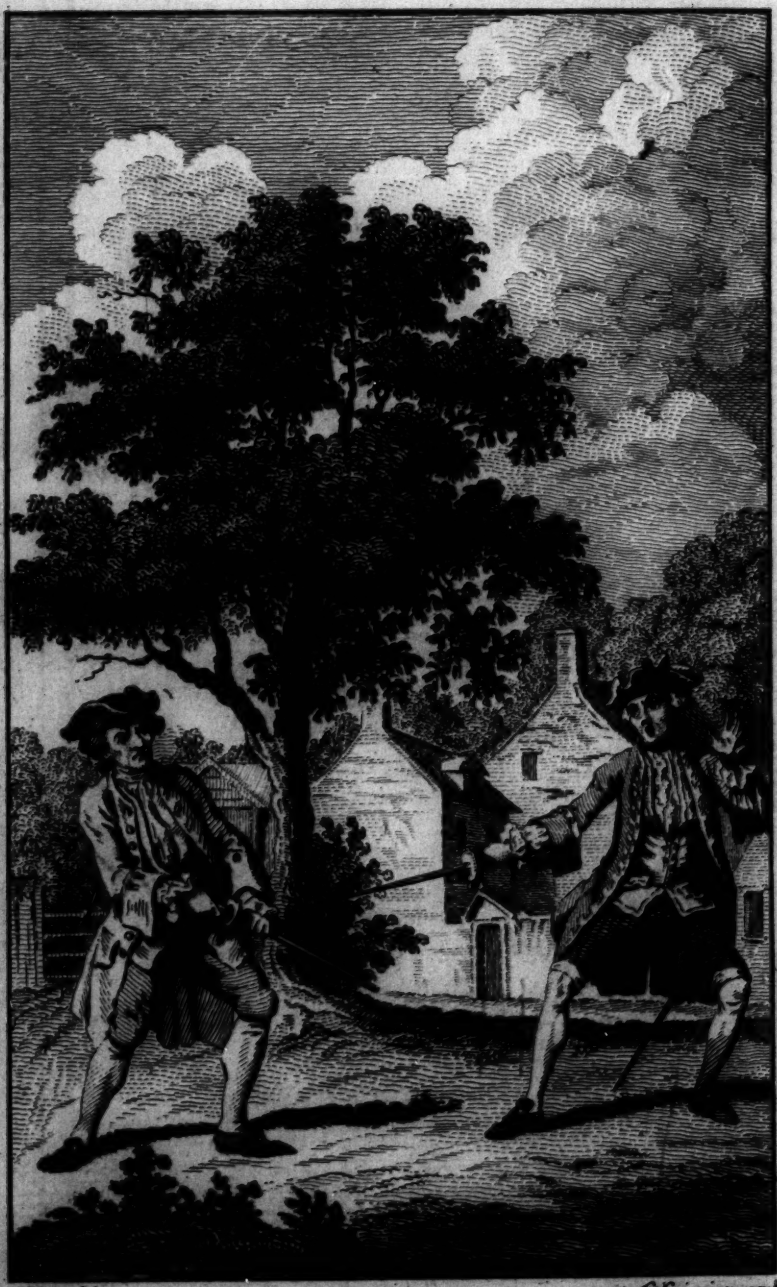

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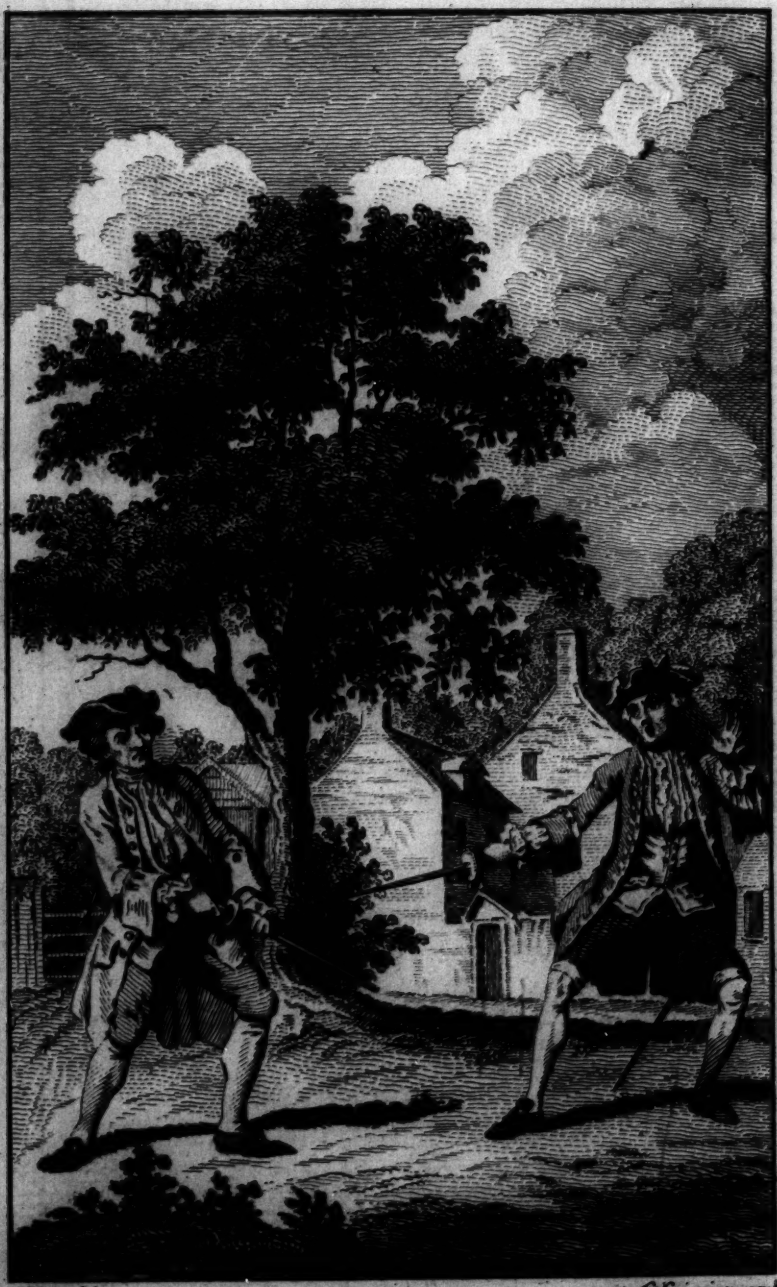

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THE

Double Disappointment;

A

FARCE.

As it is acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

By the late MOSES MENDEZ, Esq;

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Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

LOVELESS,	Mr. LOWE.
GRIPE,	Mr. COLLINS.
Marquiſs de FANFARON,	Mr. HOLTOM.
PHELIM O BLUNDER,	Mr. BARRINGTON.
JEREMY,	Mr. R. SMITH.

Servant, Conſtable.

ISABEL,	Miſs YOUNG.

THE DOUBLE DISAPPOINTMENT.

SCENE a *Chamber*.

Enter GRIPE, *and* ISABEL.

GRIPE.

WAS there ever ſeen ſo perverſe a Baggage?

ISABEL.

Was there ever ſeen ſo unreaſonable a Guardian?

GRIPE.

What Cauſe have you to complain? Do I exert that Authority over you, which the will

of

of your Father has veſted me in? do not Choice of Lovers come to my Houſe every Day? but your Mind is ſo bent on that Rakehell *Loveleſs*, that nothing but my Steadineſs could prevent you from Ruin.

ISABEL.

Look you Uncle—you ſhall as little impoſe on my Underſtanding, as my Inclinations; you talk of giving me Choice of Lovers, when but two are ſuffered to viſit me, and both alike hateful. The *Frenchman* is all Feather, the *Iriſhman* all Lead; and indeed of two Coxcombs I have my Choice, whether I pleaſe to prefer the lively or the ſolemn one: but depend on't I will ſhortly rid myſelf of your unnatural Tyranny.

GRIPE.

Ay, ay, there it is now! I muſt not ſtrain the Cord too much. [*Aſide.*] Come, come, my dear Niece——

ISABEL.

Your Appearance of Kindneſs to me, is more deteſtable than your Severity was irkſome. I diſdain all Affinity with you—what your ſelfiſh Views may be, I know not; but ſomething more than ordinary induces you to be ſo much in favour of two Wretches, whom you muſt ſecretly deſpiſe as much as I do. But to blaſt all your avaritious Views at once, know I doat on *Loveleſs*, and will marry him though all the Schemes Hell and you can contrive to oppoſe

us. Now you know my Mind, plague me no longer. [*Going off.*

Enter PHELIM O BLUNDER.

O BLUNDER.

Permit me, Madam, to aſſure you, that I long to dye in your Service, that I might ſhew I would be your moſt humble Servant all the Days of my Life after. That good Gentleman, your Uncle (bleſs his ſweet Countenance) has often told me, that you was not diſagreeable to me: and if I may judge by the Grace of my Perſon, and the Beauty of my Complexion, I may hope that a tall brave *Iriſhman* may give you a Heart which was never nobody's before but his own, and not that neither.

ISABEL.

Sir, I am vaſtly oblig'd to you.

GRIPE.

So, ſo, Mr. *Blunder*, you are ſo engaged with your Miſtreſs, that I can expect but little Share of your Converſation.

O BLUNDER.

Devil burn, me my dear Creature, but you was ſo clear in a Miſt, that I ſaw you as plain as nothing at all; and when ever I did not perceive, I will take Care not to forget to remem-

ber my Fault, becauſe, as you are her Uncle,—let my ſee, what Relation to me will you be, when we are married, agrah?—Oh, you will be my Father-in-law. But come, my dear Miſs *Iſ'bel*, my dear Creature, you are ſo ſad, that I will ſing you an *Iriſh* Song faith. [*Sings.*

SONG.

I.

Wherever I'm going, and all the Day long,
At home, or abroad, or alone in a Throng,
I find that my Paſſion's ſo lively and ſtrong,
That your Name, when I'm ſilent, ſtill runs in my Song.
Sing Balinamone o-ra, Balinamone o-ra,
Balinamone o-ra,
A Kiſs of your ſweet Lips for me.

II.

Since the firſt Time I ſaw you I take no Repoſe,
I ſleep all the Day to forget half my Woes,
So hot is the Flame in my Stomach that glows,
By St. Patrick, *I fear it will burn thro' my Cloaths.*
Sing Balinamone o-ra, Balinamone o-ra,
Balinamone o-ra,
Your pretty black Hair for me.

III.

In my Conſcience I fear I ſhall die in my Grave,
Unleſs you comply, and poor Phelim *will ſave,*

And

And grant the Petition your Lover does crave,
Who never was free, till you made him your Slave.
Sing Balinamone o-ra, Balinamone o-ra,
Balinamone o-ra,
Your pretty black Eyes for me.

IV.

On that happy Day when I call you my Bride,
With a ſwinging long Sword, how I'll ſtrut and
I'll ſtride,
With Coach and ſix Horſes, with Honey I'll ride,
As before you I walk, to the Church, on your Side,
Sing Balinamone o-ra, Balinamone o-ra,
Balinamone o-ra,
A Kiſs of your ſweet Lips for me.

ISABEL.

Your Muſick is as harmonious as your Language is polite, and your Perſon agreeable. Odious Blockhead!—— [*Aſide.*

O BLUNDER.

So all the Ladies ſay of little *Phelim O Blunder*. By St. *Patrick*, in the Courſe of my Peregrinations all the Women were uneaſy, but when I was not in their Company, and would laugh at me ſo that I could plainly diſcover their Affections. Oh, let an *Iriſhman* alone to know the way to get a Heart!

ISABEL.

But, pray, Sir, was you never miſtaken in your Opinion? for I apprehend, by the Symp-

toms, that their Mirth proceeded from a far different Cauſe than what you are pleaſed to aſſign.

GRIPE.

I find by her particular Queſtion ſhe does not diſlike him; I ſtand a good Chance for a thouſand Guineas for my Recommendation, ha, ha. [*Aſide.*

O BLUNDER.

By the Blood of the *Tyrones*, they all loved me better than no body at all: and when I took my Poſt-Horſes to come from *Paris* by long Sea, two Ladies did die of Grief a twelvemonth before I did take my Leave of 'em. But you are the *Phœnix* of the Age, for I never ſaw any body ſo handſome as you, except *Juggy Cavenagh*, and *Shelah Macſhane* of *Monaughan*, and they were not ſo handſome, becauſe they were as carotty as a black Dog. [*Talks to* Gripe, *and takes him aſide.*

Enter Marquiſs FANFARON, *ſinging.*

MARQUISS.

Ma Charmante Demoiſelle! permit me Madame, at de Invitation of Monſieur votre Oncle, to offer vonce more in my Perſon all dat *France* has noble and polite. My Grandfader, Monſieur *le Marquis de la Bombardiere*, has taken more Town (if poſſible) den you have Heart. My Fader, Monſieur le *Comte de la Quincalliere*, vas employed in de cabinet Council

Council of de grand Monarque; and I, Madame, Monſieur *de la Quincalliere*, Marquis *de Fanfaron*, have left my Contrée, ſo ſhew dat to command a Prince, is leſs den to obey a Miſtreſs.

ISABEL.

I ſcarce know how to thank ſo much Merit and Quality; but if I might adviſe, your Monarch ſhould not be deprived of ſo valuable a Perſon.

MARQUISS.

Madame, Beauty has ſuſh Attraits, dat de Luſtre of a Crown is leſs engaging den de ſmile of a Miſtreſs. Mon Amie, Monſieur *Gripe*, how you do? Who be dat Gentleman?

GRIPE.

That is *Phelim O Blunder* Eſquire, an *Iriſh* Gentleman of great Learning and Fortune, lately come from *Paris*.

O BLUNDER.

Devil burn me, if that ben't a Lye—tho' I am cunning enough to make him believe it.

[*Aſide.*

MARQUISS.

Je ſuis ravi de vous voir, Monſieur. *La France* eſt un beau païs.

O BLUNDER.

I could never twiſt my Tongue to your Pronunciation, Honey, but I underſtand you as well

as

as if you had ſaid nothing at all; becauſe I could never ſpeak your Language in my Life, my Jewel. I underſtand *French* if you ſpeak it in *Engliſh*.

MARQUISS.

Ven I take my leave at *Paris*, Madame la Ducheſſe *de Quenoville*, my Grandmoder, ſay to my Couſin, le comte *de la Rapiniere*, to ſay to me, ah Marquis *de Fanfaron* you go to *England*, take care of your Heart, for de *Engliſh* Lady vill always lay Snare for our Men of Qualité. I ſay, never fear, Monſieur *le Comte*. My Siſter, la Marquiſe *de Chauveſouris*, ſay likeviſe, my dear Broder, if you vill marry, is dere not Madamoiſelle *de la Marmite*?

O BLUNDER.

A Mermaid! arah, wou'd you marry a Fiſh?

MARQUISS.

She has ten touſand Livres de rente—Or Madame *Pet Enlair*, de Duke de *Chavefuielle's* Daughter, ſhe is in love vid you. But my Fortune tro me into *England* to ſee a muſh fairer Lady.

O BLUNDER.

If this *Frenchman* ſhould be as great a Rogue as myſelf, now, upon my Soul, it would be very comical. [*Aſide.*

MARQUISS.

Speak my Fate, Madame, I have been dans les Armées du Roi in many Battel, but I never vas in ſuſh Danger before.——

SONG.

SONG.

I.

PEtit Cupidon has caught me,
And I feel de cruel Smart;
In Shains de Rogue to you has brought me,
Take, Madame, my vounded Heart,
Vid my Mireliton, Mireliton, Mireliton-a,
Vid my Mireliton, ton, ton, ton.

II.

Avez de moi ſome Compaſſion,
Nor let me too long complain,
Ven a Frenchman *tell his Paſſion,*
Can he ever plead in vain?
Vid his Mireliton, Mireliton, Mireliton-a,
Vid his Mireliton, ton, ton, ton.

Sall I be de happy Man? ſall I conduct you to my Chateau en Dauphiné?——

ISABEL.

Surely, Sir, one of your Rank and Politeneſs would think a Conqueſt cheap, that required ſo little Sollicitation—This is but the ſecond Viſit. Pardon me, Sir, if an unforeſeen Affair makes me a little abrupt in my Departure—Mr. *O Blunder*, 'tis in vain for me to hide the Eſteem I have for you; meet me at Eight o'Clock, at the Bottom of the Garden in the Green-houſe, there a Prieſt will be provided to tye the Knot.

Knot. I always loved you, ſo take care and be punctual, or I am ruined for ever.

[*Aſide to* O Blunder.

O BLUNDER.

By the Shambrouge of St. *Patrick*, my dear Creature, I will meet you; but as the Night will be very dark, I will tye ſome black ribband to my Button-hole, that you may ſee not to miſtake me.

ISABEL.

Do ſo. [*Exit* Iſabel.

GRIPE.

Theſe are the Terms—My Conſent is requiſite, and I will not give it under a thouſand Guineas. [*Aſide to the* Marquiſs.

MARQUISS.

I agree. But begar I vill be revenge, and follow de politique of *France*, by denying my Engagement. [*Aſide.*] Sir, it make me very uneaſy to ſee you here; derefore I muſt beg you not to repeat your Viſit, on pain of my Diſpleaſure. [*To* O Blunder.

O BLUNDER.

If you don't like to ſee me here, Honey, you had better not come yourſelf, for by my Soul tho' you were blind, you would ſee me come to my dear Creature.

MAR-

MARQUISS.

Sir, I ſuppoſe you are a Gentelman.

O BLUNDER.

You may know that by the Softneſs of my Thumb.

MARQUISS.

Derefore, meeta me an Hour hence in de Field; for an Officer in de Armée du Roi cannot bear a Rival in Love nor in Glory. Begar I vill cut your Troat.

GRIPE. *(interpoſing)*

For Heaven's ſake, Gentlemen, what are you about?

O BLUNDER.

By the Blood of the *O Neil's*, I'll not meet you, unleſs you come behind my Back and ſo cut my Throat.

MARQUISS.

Den I ſall uſe you as you deſerve. Adjeu, Monſieur *Gripe*. [*Exit.*

O BLUNDER.

Upon my Salvation this *Gripe*'s an old Rap. When I have married his Neice I'll not give him a Groat, which is nothing at all, nor that neither, which is more; and I will forſwear the Bond and ſo make him give back the Money I never paid him. [*Aſide.*] My dear Father-in-law, the

Bleſſing of St. *Patrick* light upon your Houſe and your Children, by me begotten, upon that pretty Daughter there, your Niece.

[*Exit Singing.*

GRIPE.

So, every thing goes as I could wiſh. Let the *Frenchman*, or the *Iriſhman*, have my Niece, 'tis all one to *Gripe*, I have ſecured a thouſand Guineas, beſides private Deductions, which they have neither Brains nor Leiſure to look into. If ſhe ſhould run away with *Loveleſs*, as I have all her Writings in my Poſſeſſion, I can make her believe whatever I pleaſe to tell her: Or grant ſhe ſhould diſcover me, the Law is ſo kind, by its delays, to thoſe who lay hold of the Advantage, that they will gladly give part of their Eſtate, to recover the remainder. So fall back, fall edge, I ſhall repay myſelf to the full, the Anxieties I have ſuffered on Account of this Niece of mine.

SCENE, *a Village.*

Enter LOVELESS *and* JEREMY.

LOVELESS.

Jeremy, be double diligent to Night. My *Iſabel* writes me word ſhe has appointed her two Boobies to meet her at the Bottom of the Garden: be you in Readineſs to attend her, and to receive ſuch Inſtructions as ſhe may charge you with.

JEREMY.

JEREMY.

I ſhall Sir. I happened to have a Glimpſe of the *Iriſhman* the other Day, and, tho' I had not ſeen him theſe five Years, I remember'd he was a Helper in Sir *John Friendly*'s Stables—And I ſuſpect the *Frenchman* to be another of the ſame Stamp.

LOVELESS.

We may chance to make Mirth of this hereafter. Dear *Jeremy*, be punctual, for my Affairs are very nigh brought to a Criſis, and a few Hours will make me happy or miſerable.

JEREMY.

Never fear Sir. But I'll to my Poſt, for the Hour is drawing near. [*Exeunt.*

Enter O BLUNDER.

Well ſaid, little *Phelim O Blunder.* By my Soul, you have done for yourſelf. It was a happy Day for you, when Sir *John Friendly* turned you out of Doors, for ſtealing a ſilver Spoon, which you did not ſteal neither, only put it in your Pocket, by way of Miſtake. You are ſo lucky, that if you had been hanged, I believe you would have lived to have been a great Man. I don't wonder Miſs *Iſabel* loves me, for by the Brogues of St. *Patrick*, I am ſo genteel in my Behaviour, that I believe all the Ladies that never ſaw me, love me as much as I do my own ſelf. But I know, as well as if

any body had told me, that ſhe has five thouſand Pounds. And upon my Soul, I will go by myſelf with her into my own Country, and we will live as lovingly as two Cock Sparrows; and *Phelim O Blunder* ſhall be a 'ſquire in good Earneſt, and come up to *Dublin* in the Winter, and leave his Wife behind him, to take Care of him in his Abſence. The Devil burn me, but I think a ſingle Life very diſagreeable till a Man be married. [*Sings.*

Enter MARQUISS.

MARQUISS.

Vy make you dis Noiſe, Villain, Coquin?

O BLUNDER.

Long life to your honour, if you die to Morrow. I am only entertaining myſelf, with ſinging a merry Song, to put me out of Humour—Upon my Soul, he will kill me, and ſpoil my Marriage. [*Aſide.*

MARQUISS.

Vat you ſay? Do you know my Fader, my Grand-fader, vere all Generaux dans les Armées, du Roi? and yet you pretanda to court my Miſtreſs! Vat be your Family, Villain?

O BLUNDER.

My Father was a Traveller, ay a very great Traveller, and he had a long Name, *Philimocarte cum Caverumarah me Joul.*

MARQUISS.

MARQUISS.

A Traveller?

O BLUNDER.

Ay, upon my Conſcience was he, for he was twice tranſported before he was twenty; and my Mother was with Child of me before ſhe was married, for upon my Soul, ſhe was never married at all; and as for a Grandfather, by St. *Patrick*, I never had one.

MARQUISS.

Allons, Draw, Chien que tu eſt. [*Draws.*

O BLUNDER.

Upon my Soul, he may chance to prove as great a Coward as myſelf, ſo I will lug out my cold Poker.

Sa, ſa. [*They thruſt at a Diſtance.*

O BLUNDER.

I'll be in your Gizzard in a Moment.

MARQUISS.

Come, Come, Mr. *O Blunder*, let us be friend. I aſſure you I eſteem you un Cavalier accompli. Vat ſignify—Ve love bote de ſame Lady, ſhe muſt ſhuſe for herſelf—I vill not quarrel vid my good Friend.

O BLUN-

O BLUNDER.

Upon my Soul, you are a Raſcal, and I have a great Mind to beat you.

MARQUISS.

O fye donc, fye donc, mon Amie.

O BLUNDER.

I am as much inclined to Peace in my Quarrels as nobody in the World; but the Family of the *O Blunders* will never ſuffer themſelves to be abuſed, before their Faces, unleſs it be behind their Backs.

MARQUISS.

If I don't meet Miſs *Is'bel* to Night, according to her Billet-doux, I am undone. [*Aſide.*] Allons, monſieur *O Blunder*, 'tis all a Joke, believea me, ne vous emporter pas, n'entendez vous pas la raillerie?——I did not tink he vou'd fight, morblieu. [*Aſide.*

O BLUNDER.

Aye, faith, do I. And to ſhew you I mean no Harm, give me your Hand. But if you come near Miſs *Iſabel* within a great Diſtance, upon my Soul, I will beat you longer than I can ſtand over you; and ſo good night to you.

MARQUISS.

Fort bien! Fort bien! [*Exit ſeverally.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *a Garden.*

Enter ISABEL *at one Door, and* JEREMY *at the other.*

ISABEL.

'Tis ſo dark I can ſcarce grope my Way out. Who's there?

JEREMY.

'Tis I, Madam. My Maſter waits for you with Impatience.

ISABEL.

Let me take care not to drop my Papers. My Uncle unwarily left his Keys in his 'Scrutoire, and I have taken all my Writings out, by which I have diſcovered his uſurped Authority over me. *Jeremy*, do you go and receive my two Lovers, place them in the Green-houſe, and, upon my Return with your Maſter, it may afford us ſome Diverſion. You may counterfeit my Voice if you will; altho' I believe I have two ſuch clear ſighted Lovers, that it will be no difficult matter to impoſe on them in any manner whatever. [*Exit with* Jeremy.

Re-enter JEREMY.

Now to my Poſt. 'Tis ſo confounded dark, I ſhall have ſome trouble to find the Green-houſe, if I don't ſtand pretty near it.

Enter O BLUNDER *with a black Ribband in his Buttonhole.*

Upon my Soul, 'tis ſo dark that I can't ſee the Moon, ſo I'll take out my Spying-glaſs. Well, when I get this Fortune, I'll ſtudy Philoſophy, and I'll know the Reaſon becauſe the Moon will come out on ſome Nights and not on others. I wiſh I had a Lantern, to ſee whether the Moon be up or no.

JEREMY.

Who is there? Monſieur *O Blunder?*

O BLUNDER.

Aye, upon my Soul it is. Faith your Eyes are ſo bright, that I ſee you as clear, as I never ſaw nobody in my Life. I believe you ſtick Candles in your Eyes, or they could not ſhine ſo.

JEREMY.

Fye, Mr. *O Blunder*, you make me bluſh, you are too polite for a plain country Girl.

O BLUNDER.

Aye, faith am I; but if you pleaſe I'll ſing you a Song.

JEREMY.

By no means, for that would alarm my Uncle, and who knows what the Conſequence might be, for he hates you, and always ſpeaks in Favour of the Marquiſs.

O BLUN-

O BLUNDER.

See there now, I always knew it—'tis no eaſy Matter to make a Fool of me. But as it is ſo dark, he will not be able to extinguiſh the Tone of my Voice.

JEREMY.

A Light will remove that Obſcurity, and leave us Victims to his Revenge.

O BLUNDER.

Upon my Soul that's true, and I never thought on't.

JEREMY.

Retire into the Green-houſe in the Corner, I will lead you to it; there will I ſend for a Parſon.

O BLUNDER.

My lovely Miſs *Iſabel*, I am your moſt obedient Servant. But is there no Danger of a Poſt?

[*Exit, as to the Green-houſe.*

JEREMY.

So, one Fool's diſpoſed of, the other, I believe, will coſt me ſome Trouble. But ſoft, I hear Somebody.—Who's there?

Enter Marquiss.

De Devil take de Rolling-ſtone, I had like to have broke a my Leg;—Ah, que je ſuis heureux—My dear Lady, vere are you?

JEREMY.

Here Sir. I was obliged to ſhew outward Compliance to the *Iriſhman*, merely to carry on my Scheme againſt him and my Uncle. But I muſt have wanted Judgement, ſurely, not to diſtinguiſh between a *Frenchman* of Quality, and the inſipid Converſation of an *Iriſh* Bog-trotter.

MARQUISS.

De air of a Man of Diſtinction carry ſuch appas, dat dere is no reſiſting it, and I long to make you my Vife, and de firſt Voman in *Dauphiné*.

JEREMY.

Sir, I am oblig'd to you; but pray let me lead you to the Green-houſe, for I ſee Lights coming down the Garden. I beg you not to ſtir from thence; for ſhould my Uncle find I had given you this Meeting, he would be the Death of us both. And indeed, the *Iriſhman* is ſuch a Favourite, that the old Gentleman is exaſperated at me, for not having already made him my Huſband.

MARQUISS.

Parbleau, Madame, your Oncle know noting; and you are a Lady of good Senſe, and I vill

vill retire me. Adieu, ma Charmante!—I hope dere be no Fiſh-pond, I can fall in.

[*Exit.*

JEREMY.

Thus far all goes well. My two Lovers are already diſpoſed of; and, had they Courage enough, might revenge on themſelves the Quarrel they have againſt others. But it is Time to retire, for I ſee a Light.

SCENE, *a Green-houſe.*

O BLUNDER *diſcovered aſleep on the Ground.*

Enter MARQUISS.

Mon Dieu! I viſh Miſs *Is'bel* vould come. I am here two Minute, and ſo tired with Impatience—Ha, je vous entend bien, ma Princeſſe! [*Enter* GRIPE *with a Light.*

GRIPE.

I heard a Noiſe hereabouts. I fear my Niece has play'd me a ſlippery Trick; I wiſh ſhe has not deceived me.

MARQUISS.

Begar I fear ſo too. For ſhe tell me, Monſieur le Marquis, meet me at Eight o'Clock in de Green-houſe, and I vill marry you, for I hate

de *Iriſhman*. And I come here into de Garden, and ſhe put me here, and ſay, my dear Marquiſs, attendez moi: And now you ſee Monſieur *O Blunder* likeviſe; ſo dat I fear I am made a Fool of. But if it be ſo, ſhe ſall find dat a Man of Parts and Qualité, brought up dans les Armées du Roi, vill find Opportunity of Revenge.

GRIPE.

Suſpend your Anger a little 'till I examine further into this Affair.—Mr. *O Blunder!* Mr. *O Blunder!* [*Pulls him.*

MARQUISS.

Parbleau, I hope he is dead!

O BLUNDER.

Upon my Conſcience, this is not civil to diſturb me. If I had not been aſleep, you might have wakened me as often as you pleas'd.

GRIPE.

Pray, Sir, by what Means did you get into the Green-houſe, at this Hour? was it by my Niece's Appointment?

O BLUNDER.

Upon my Soul, my coming here is a Secret, and therefore I will communicate it to the good Company. You muſt know, that Miſs *Iſabel*, ſtruck with

with the Beauties of my Perſon, did give me an Aſſignation to meet her in the Dark, that nobody might ſee us but ourſelves. And ſo, after I did meet her, and ſhe did not come, I paſſed away my Time in taking a little Sleep, to divert myſelf, and therefore I wiſh you would both go about your Buſineſs, becauſe ſhe will not come if I have any more Company with me beſides myſelf.

MARQUISS.

Begar you are miſtaken, ſhe did appointa me, and ſay, ſhe love me and nobody elſe, par ma foi.

O BLUNDER.

Upon my Soul, ma foi, you are miſtaken yourſelf joy, and ſhe is ſo very fond of me, that I dream of her every Night.

MARQUISS.

Vat ſignify dat, I dream of de Divel ſometime.

GRIPE.

Curſe theſe two Boobies, for having been ſo eaſily impoſed upon! but I ſhall make her repent her haſty Match, I warrant her.

Enter Loveless *and* Isabel.

GRIPE.

So, Madam, I find you have provided for yourſelf! And to ſhew your Eſteem for an Uncle that doats

doats upon you, not contented with the ſhunning the Men I had pitched upon, you have thrown yourſelf away upon him I moſt deteſted.

ISABEL.

The Men you pitched upon! rather ſay the Monſters. Don't think I come here to apologize for my Actions, I am only accountable to myſelf. The Ties of Blood you have ſo violated, that I deteſt you the more for being related to you, and ſcarce think it worth while to acquaint you, that I am married to this Gentleman.

SONG.

Tune, Why heaves my Fond Boſom.

I.

AS pleaſing as Shade to the way-faring Swain,
When the Ardour of Phœbus *has cleav'd*
the ſcorch'd Plain,
As Groves to the Linnet, or Roſe to the Bee,
So welcome my Loveleſs, *ſo welcome to me.*

II.

Whom Love has united, no Tyrant can part,
Nor ſhall Time e'er efface what is fix'd in the
Heart.

Remem-

Remembrance ſurvives when all Rapture is paſt;
True Love is a Flame that burns bright to the laſt.

III.

It chears our ſad Hours, and it heightens our Joy;
This, nor Whim can abate, nor can Faſhion deſtroy.
While Beauty alone, on too fickle a Wing,
Like the faireſt of Bloſſoms, oft dies in the Spring.

MARQUISS.

Vat! be you de Huſband?

LOVELESS.

Yes, Sir, I am the happy Man, and glory in the Poſſeſſion of a Lady, who has every Accompliſhment that can render a Huſband contented.

GRIPE.

I am glad to hear it, for her Accompliſhments are like to maintain her; for ſhe has forfeited her Fortune by marrying without my Conſent, ſo you may go and ſtarve together, for I will not part with a Farthing. How happy your Father and Mother are, not to have ſeen this Day! ſure it would have broke their Hearts! [*Crying.*

ISABEL

ISABEL.

Dry thoſe Crocodile Tears, nor weep o'er the Aſhes of the Dead, while you attempt to injure the Living. Yet, perhaps, I may make you more ſeriouſly ſad, when I inform you, that I have all the Writings of my Eſtate in my own Poſſeſſion.—How I came by them is not to the preſent Purpoſe.

GRIPE.

What! have you broke open my 'Scrutoire? I'll have you hanged, Cockatrice.

O BLUNDER.

I wiſh you were all hang'd. [*Aſide.*

ISABEL.

There's little Danger of that, Sir; what you deſerve, other People, wiſer than myſelf, may chance to determine. I cannot part with theſe Papers out of my Hand, as they bear Witneſs, that other People, beſides myſelf, have infinite Obligations to you.

GRIPE.

I am undone! ſhe will unravel my ſecret Correſpondence with the Lawyer, to defraud young *Spendall* of his Eſtate. I muſt retire, and think what's moſt for my Advantage.

[*Exit.*

MARQUISS.

I have been long ſilent, not to interrupt Family Affair. Mais d'ou vient, Madame, dat you

you ſhuſe a Man of my Rank and Qualité to impoſe upon? Vy you do ſo, morbleau?

ISABEL.

Excuſe me, Sir, but I thought your exceſſive Vanity, joined to an equal Share of Stupidity, made you a very proper Inſtrument to be played upon.

MARQUISS.

Fort bien! Fort bien!

O BLUNDER.

Upon my Conſcience, Miſs *Iſabel*, you have uſed me very ill; becauſe when you bid me meet you in the Garden-houſe, if you intended to deceive me, why did not you tell me ſo? Beſides, I've laid out a Groat for ſix Pennyworth of black Ribband, which I hope you will pay me back again, that I may be no Loſer by the Loſs.

LOVELESS.

Surely, I ſhould know that Face!

O BLUNDER.

Aye, like enough, for I remember very well I never ſaw you before, unleſs I forget myſelf.

LOVELESS.

Now I recollect, I have frequently ſeen you, tho' never in ſo genteel a Garb before. Don't

you remember when you was a Helper in Sir *John Friendly*'s Stables? A pretty Fellow, indeed, to pretend to a Fortune!

[*They all laugh.*

MARQUISS.

Vat! Rub, Rub a de Horſe?—Ha, ha—

O. BLUNDER.

I'll rub your Pate for you, you *French* Hottentot. Upon my Soul, I am a Gentleman; and if I did uſe to rub down Sir *John Friendly*'s Horſes, it was by Way of Diverſion, and becauſe I hate to be idle.

LOVELESS.

How came it, pray, as your good Nature rendered you ſo neceſſary, that you was diſcharged for Theft out of his Family?

MARQUISS.

A Tief! begar I muſt take Care of my Pocket.

O BLUNDER.

Upon my Soul, he does know me too well—the Devil burn his Memory.

ISABEL.

Come, we are a little too ſevere upon a new made Gentleman; we have made him bluſh already.

O BLUN-

O BLUNDER.

O never fear me; upon my Conſcience, I never did bluſh in my Life, no nor ſpeak Truth neither; and when I did, nobody would believe me.

Enter JEREMY, *who ſpeaks aſide to* LOVELESS.

There is a Servant below, Sir, juſt come poſt from Lord *Eitherſide*, in Purſuit of his *French* Valet de Chambre, who has rob'd him; and, by the Deſcription, our Marquiſs muſt be the Man. I have been talking with the Fellow, but would not admit him, till I knew your Mind.

LOVELESS.

Admit him, by all Means. [*Exit* Jeremy.

MARQUISS.

I vonder ſuſh Fellow as dis Blunder, ſhould pretanda to appear in de grand Monde, ven any body may know a Gentelman at firſt Sight, by his Politeſſe and Bonne Grace.

Re-enter JEREMY, *with a* SERVANT *and* CONSTABLE.

SERVANT.

I beg Pardon of the Company for the Diſturbance I am like to cauſe. *Conſtable*, I charge you with that Fellow.

[*Conſtable ſeizes the Marquiſs.*

ISABEL.

For Heaven's Sake, what's the Matter?

SERVANT.

Why, Madam, this Fellow was my Lord *Eitherſide*'s Valet de Chambre, who, not content with receiving many Marks of his Kindneſs, has rob'd him of five hundred Pounds in Money, beſides Cloaths and Linen to a conſiderable Value.

MARQUISS.

Ah, je ſuis pardu! I ſhall be hang!

O BLUNDER.

I believe I muſt take Care of *my* Pockets now.

LOVELESS.

I am glad the Villain is caught; and I hope the frequent Examples of this Nature will teach our People of Faſhion to think a little better of their own Countrymen, and a little worſe of Foreigners.

O BLUNDER.

Upon my Soul, I will laugh at him now. Monſieur, I find that you and I are pretty much alike now; becauſe you will be hanged in a little while, and if Heaven pleaſe, I ſhall live all the Days of my Life; and as it is happy to have Companions in our Miſeries, I am exceeding glad you will go by yourſelf, Honey—

MAR-

MARQUISS.

O pour l'amour de Dieu, Madame, and Gentelmens, intercede for me, I may not be hang in de Flower of my Age, and in a ſtrange Countrée.

LOVELESS.

You deſerve no Compaſſion from any of us; but if our Recommendation may be of any Service, in procuring a Halter of more than ordinary Strength, you may command us.

MARQUISS.

Ah! Malheureux que je ſuis l'Ambition ma Ruïné. [*They hurry him off.*

O BLUNDER.

By St. *Patrick* and his Brogue, I beg both your two Pardons, but I had no evil Intentions. And if I was a Rogue in endeavouring to marry Miſs *Iſabel*, you can't blame me, becauſe it was only to try if I could pick up an honeſt Livelyhood. But as Fortune was always a Foe to poor *Phelim*, ſo will I pull off my Wig and my Sword, and be a Gentleman no more, becauſe I verily believe it does not become me; and I wiſh you happier than nobody at all, and that you may live to ſee your Grand-children and great Grand-children cry at your Funeral.

SONG.

SONG, *by* LOVELESS.

Tune, Behold the ſweet Flowers around.

THUS bleſſ'd with the Maiden I love,
Contentment ſhall gild the young Day,
While Hymen the Flame ſhall improve,
And ſcatter with Myrtle the Way;
With a Garland of ne'er dying Flowers,
O Peace from thy Dwelling repair!
Soft Joy ſhall direct the wing'd Hours,
And ſmile on ſo happy a Pair.

SONG.

SONG, *by* ISABEL.

Omitted in Page 9.

Tune, What beauteous Scenes, &c.

YOUR idle Threats, on one like me,
Are all in vain employ'd.
Thus fixt, remains the conſtant Tree,
By Tempeſts undeſtroy'd.
Tho' thouſand Dangers ſhould oppoſe,
I'll every Bar remove:
Freſh Stratagems the Mind ſtill knows,
That's once inſpir'd by Love,
That's once inſpir'd by Love.

[Iſabel, *going out, meets* O Blunder.

SONG, *by* O BLUNDER.

Purpoſely omitted in Page 20. the Words not being by Mr. *Mendez.*

I.

IN Waterford *City, the Faireſt of* Ireland,
Modeſtly aſked me, kiſs me ſweet,
Kiſs me ſweet, embrace me heartily,
You're my Joy, embrace me lovingly,
You're my Darling, modeſtly aſked me, kiſs me ſweet.

Oh,

Oh ſo full and ſo fough, and ſing laring a paugh,
Sing laring gau ſtraugh, ſing laring go lee,

CHORUS.

Laring go lee, I for radleum, bobum a rue,
Sing a Woradleum, ſing a boare, ſmorus for Moggame,
S' derth marau dogad, ſing burn my Wig.

II.

Oh the Laſſes of Cork *are both wild and airy,*
The cleverest Girls that ever I ſee,
They oftentimes treat me with Sack and Canary,
And all for the ſake of laring go lee.
CHOR. *Laring go lee, &c.* [As before.

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III.

Oh and what ſhall I do with my own dear Joy?
Sing, hogama faſh, ſhawderlin.
I'll make little Boy, and his Name ſhall be Paddy,
Sing hogama faſh, ſing hogama faſh, ſhawderlin.
CHOR. *Laring go lee, &c.* [As before.

FINIS.